NATIONAL REVIEW

25 Cents

May 3, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Jig Is Up for Adam Clayton Powell Jr.?

AN EDITORIAL

The Seventh Congress of Freedom

RUSSELL KIRK

Creeping Flexibility in the Capital

ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN

Articles and Reviews by · · · · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
WILLMOORE KENDALL · J. D. FUTCH · RALPH DE TOLEDANO
JAMES BURNHAM · C. ROBERT MORSE · ANTHONY LEJEUNE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Record

New York's Republican State Chairman, L. Judson Morhouse, is quarterbacking Senator Javits' efforts to make longtime Left-Republican Sam Roman Postmaster of New York City. . . . Backed by the Supreme Court, a Federal District Court will set a date before which Prince Edward County in Virginia must integrate its public shools. Virginia may have exhausted its last legal maneuver before invoking the 1956 law which disbands its public school system.

European newspapers have been carrying reports that followers of Fidel Castro have begun surrendering to the Batista government in Cuba, signaling the end of the revolt . . . . In the Philippines the United States, which has been trying to dispose of war surplus twin-engined bombers, withdrew them from the market when a representative of the Indonesian rebels made an offer. . . . On May 1, President-Elect Arturo Frondizi takes office in the Argentine. On May 2 the Communist Party daily newspaper, suppressed in 1950, will resume publication.

The Justice Department is quietly preparing to retry some of the important Communist cases which have been reversed by the Supreme Court over the past two years. . . . A bill to grant permanent residence to 31,000 Hungarian refugees has been approved by the House Judiciary Committee. . . . Recommended reading: though still not distributed through regular channels, Report No. 43--which contains Senator Javits' testimony before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee prior to his election in 1956--now can be had by writing the Subcommittee (Washington 25, D.C.).

The Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow is sending nearly four million books a year to India. Priced well below American, English and even Indian books, they are becoming the regular diet of the young intelligentsia. . . . More than 3,000 Hungarians were arrested "as a precautionary measure" just prior to Soviet Premier Khrushchev's recent visit to that country. They continue to be held now that Khrushchev has returned to Moscow.

Reports from Pennsylvania indicate that the state will be out of the throes of the recession by May 20, primary election day. The money Harold Stassen is spending in his bid for the governorship is expected to solve the problem.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Maureen L. Buckley — Priscilla L. Buckley
Jonathan Mitchell — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune — *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

CONTENTS MAY 3, 1958 VOL. V, NO. 18

THE WEEK 411

ARTICLES

The Seventh Congress of Freedom — Russell Kirk 417
Mortarboard in the Ring ..... J. D. Futch 421
Creeping Flexibility .... Anthony T. Bouscaren 423
Southern Republican Blues 425

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 410
The Third World War ..... James Burnham 419
Letter from London ..... Anthony Lejeune 420
Letter from the Continent — E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 424
To the Editor 431

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Grammar of Politics ..... Willmoore Kendall 426
The Game of If ..... C. Robert Morse 427
Mr. Hume and Mr. Dragon — Ralph de Toledano 428
Books in Brief 430

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the second and third weeks in August, by National Weekly, Inc. Copyrighted 1958 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.

EDITORIAL AND SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES:
211 East 37th St.
New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone MUrray Hill 2-0941

RATES: Twenty-five cents a copy, $8.00 a year, $15.00 for two years. Foreign, $10.00 a year; Canada, $9.00 a year.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The WEEK

● Does absolute power corrupt absolutely? Do dictators never abdicate their dictatorial powers? Yesterday or the day before those questions had to be answered Yes; today—since one exception disproves a historical generalization—the correct answer is No. "President" Somoza of Nicaragua—not, of course, *the* Somoza, but the closest approximation to him we have left—says he *wants* his congress to prohibit, by constitutional amendment, a president's being succeeded either by himself or any member of his family. Says it and, despite strong objections from his younger brother (who happens to command the armed forces), keeps on saying it, and in a vocabulary that should win him friends on Times Square: "I am going ahead with my experiment in democracy . . . we are making progress." But he adds: ". . . if my enemies show violence, the government must counter with violence." That is, must send for Little Brother—which sounds like history getting back on course after all.

● The House of Representatives has passed a bill which would close one of the constitutional loopholes through which the Executive has refused information to investigating committees. "This section," the amendment reads (referring to the "housekeeping" law passed in 1789), "does not authorize withholding information from the public or limiting the availability of records to the public." Representative John Moss of California, whose committee is studying the Executive's alleged tendency to edit the information it gives the public, explains that the bill will not weaken internal security since there are already more than seventy laws enacted to protect records that might prove useful to the enemy. May the Senate be quick to approve this bill, now 169 years overdue!

● One hundred and forty Protestant clergymen and educators, including nine bishops and the officials of several theological seminaries, have signed a statement calling upon the U.S., Britain and the Soviet Union to halt nuclear weapons tests forthwith. Well, why not? Because, forsooth, nobody could be sure, short of adequate inspection, that the Soviets would honor any commitment to cease and desist. What the bishops and their co-signers are advocating in effect is that the U.S. turn the other cheek. The vast majority of the signers, being true Christians, would no doubt do the turning in the spirit of Him Who first counselled such action. As for the few professional fellow-travelers who have put their names to the statement, they would turn their cheeks with tongues firmly planted therein.

● The British Labor Party has bitterly complained that the Conservative Government is neglecting the economic health of Wales, even though it is perfectly evident that "no country depends for its survival to a greater extent than Wales on Socialist planning." Why doesn't the Government do something about persistent Welsh unemployment? We are doing everything we can, answered Sir David Eccles, President of the Board of Trade—though he had to admit that lengthy negotiations with a foreign chemical firm which had considered building an enormous factory in Wales, had failed. Why? Because the entrepreneurs wanted to know if they could be assured that the factory, once built, would not be nationalized, and Honest Sir David had had to say No.

● The first European general election since the November 1956 Hungarian revolt will take place in Italy May 25/26. The Communists are basing their public campaign on the two issues of anti-clericalism and a cessation of nuclear tests. The Christian Democrats, chief party of the present governmental coalition, are countering by an attack on the Communists as apologists for the Soviet slaughter of Hungarian workers. Anti-Communists have been encouraged by the initial refusal of the left-wing Socialists, under the shaky leadership of Pietro Nenni, to continue for this new election the Popular Front agreement that has held since 1947. However, no one has yet ventured to predict the election outcome, which will give the first major indication whether the Hungarian events have made a lasting impress on the mass public opinion of the Western nations.

● Nikita Khrushchev evidently doesn't believe what he reads in the (U.S.) papers. Any clipping service could have supplied him with 10,000 items since Sputnik proving, by declaration of nine-tenths of our local authorities on the subject, that the Soviet educational system is so far beyond anything the free world offers that the only sensible thing for an ambitious young scholar to do is enroll at Moscow University. But Khrushchev—perhaps looking over the figures on Soviet student expulsions and engineering breakdowns—has just issued a blast denouncing the methods of the Soviet schools, and demanding that Soviet educationists start showing better results, *or else* . . . And when Khrushchev says "or else," brother, the little boy at the back of the classroom doesn't yell, "Aw, shaddup."

● Premier Sjafruddin Prawiranegara of the rebel Sumatra government has charged that the pilots of the planes which have been so effective against the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rebel forces are Russian, and that Russian war vessels disguised as merchantmen have been active in the boycott and amphibious operations around Sumatra and Celebes. He demands a UN inquiry, forgetting, perhaps, that the UN is not given to undertaking a serious inquiry until (*cf.* Hungary) it can take the form of a political autopsy.

● For the first time, one of the official slogans of the Soviet May Day celebration is assigned to Indonesia, which gets a Red *Sieg Heil* "for defending its freedom and independence in the struggle against foreign imperialists and their myrmidons."

● Prince Faisal, acting ruler of Saudi Arabia since King Saud's semi-abdication a few weeks ago, is not living up to the banner headlines that proclaimed the shift equivalent to a plunge of the desert kingdom into the Soviet camp. In spite of Nasser's seductions, supplemented by Soviet pressures, Prince Faisal has refused to join Nasser's "United Arab Republic," and has thereby considerably weakened the UAR's "face" throughout the face-conscious Middle East. His announced policy of neutrality between East and West suggests that Faisal has his eye rather more on steady oil royalties than on the world's ideological struggle.

● Dr. Max M. Strumia, Professor of Pathology at the University of Pennsylvania, has put forward a new theory that it is possible for the human organism to become allergic to itself. It is rumored that the research was done on social scientists who were compelled to read their own books.

● Over the past decade the number of persons escaping from East to West Germany has averaged *more than 20,000 per month.* Last December the Communist East German regime passed stringent laws in a renewed (but apparently vain) effort to stem this flow, which is having disastrous social, economic and moral repercussions.

● Last week, Mark Zborowski, researcher at the Harvard School of Public Health, was indicted for denying (perjuriously) his associations with the confessed Soviet spy Jack Soble. Harvard alumni no doubt assume that their Administration was cruelly deceived when it hired Zborowski in July 1957, not having any idea that he was a Communist. A little research would have yielded the information that Zborowski had been summoned to testify before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in February 1956 and appeared with attorney Herman A. Greenberg, partner in the Washington firm of Greenberg, Forer and Rein, the Communist Party's chief legal representatives in Washington.

The Jig Is Up for Adam Clayton Powell Jr.?

On Thursday, April 17, the grand jury investigating the income-tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr., met, after 61 weeks of inactivity. On Monday, April 21, it met again; and again on Tuesday, April 22. It will meet again on Monday, April 28.

The story has now broken, in the national press, after four months of pounding by NATIONAL REVIEW. The foreman of the grand jury, having read NATIONAL REVIEW's article, "The Wheels of Justice Stop for Adam Clayton Powell Jr." (December 7, 1957), addressed U.S. Attorney Paul Williams, and asked him to convene the jury to explain the mysterious inactivity. Mr. Williams, presumably on orders from Washington, stalled.

Two weeks ago NATIONAL REVIEW sent another copy of its exposé of last December to every member of the grand jury; and, at last, action resulted. The jury convened on its own motion, and heard Mr. Williams, Mr. Thomas A. Bolan and Mr. Morris J. Emmanuel. Mr. Bolan, now in private law practice, had been in charge of the Powell investigation while he was with the Justice Department. He has reiterated to the grand jury what we published months ago: that at the time the investigation was stopped, both he and Mr. Emmanuel of the Treasury Department thought enough information had been accumulated to warrant indictment, and that further investigation would strengthen the government's case.

Now the question is, Will the grand jury, having had such direct experience with the politicalization of justice as administered by the Justice Department in the case of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., take matters into its own hands in the few weeks left to it, and see to it that, as long as *this jury* has anything to say about it, the laws of this country apply even to big-time politicians?

We are not here arguing whether Mr. Powell is guilty of the charges that have been leveled against him. We *do* know that an effort was made—an effort that has now failed—to stop the wheels of justice which, in operation, are entrusted with arriving at reliable judgments as to innocence or guilt. We hope that the grand jury, having disposed of the Powell matter, will attempt to find out who was responsible for this abuse.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is There a Statesman in the House?

Sometimes it is indispensable for a nation, even as an individual, to say No. JOHN FOSTER DULLES

Out of the political dunghill in Washington there has lately sprouted, in the words of an Egyptian metaphor, a rare and wondrous lotus blossom: a man of principle. John Foster Dulles may not be the profoundest man in the world, and he is certainly not the most adroit. But he has been showing qualities that a nation even more imperatively requires in its leaders: moral character, a cool head, and a persisting firmness.

To both the blandishments and the threats by which Khrushchev and his neutralist toadies have conducted the outrageous campaign for a Summit Circus, Secretary Dulles has replied with a calm and massive No. He has not watered his negative with any vacillation or shilly-shallying. Instead he has bolstered it by frank, refreshing, blow-by-blow exposure of the tactical meaning of each Soviet maneuver, lie and hypocrisy. Without a single cringe he has shrugged off the coals heaped on his neck by the leftist and Liberal press of this country and of Europe. Indeed, the anti-Dulles howls are, rightly understood, the most meaningful tributes to his recent performance.

And now we see signs that clarity and firmness—as usually happens in a prolonged political struggle—are beginning to pay off. Over the past three months, by his public analyses of the Kremlin's behavior, and still more by his own resolute response to Khrushchev's provocations, he has been educating our wavering allies and at the same time stiffening their backs. Three months ago, everyone in the West but Mr. Dulles and NATIONAL REVIEW was all-out for an immediate summit meeting *on Russian terms*—if not as a positive blessing then because Public Opinion made it Inevitable. Today, thanks to Mr. Dulles, most of the Western governments have recovered sufficiently from their panic to insist that any meeting, summit or pre-summit, will at least have to discuss *something* besides the latest Communist slogans. Today even Mr. Dean Acheson, who has a talented nose in these fields, writes a public letter of support for Mr. Dulles' *No.*

Nor is this all that Mr. Dulles has accomplished. His steadiness has thrown his opponent, for the first time in a long while, off balance. Seldom has the Kremlin launched a dud as hollow as the charge that the Strategic Air Command's H-bomb flights over the Arctic are endangering peace. The propaganda missile dropped back to the launching pad with a dull *pfft!* as the Soviet UN delegate, with unprecedented timidity, suddenly withdrew the Soviet motion of censure in order to ward off the isolation that faced him in a Security Council vote.

We do not wish to mar the occasion by lecturing Mr. Dulles on some of the transcendent facts of life which are not accommodated by his foreign policy, nor by asking him what on earth he thinks he's up to, or rather not up to, in Indonesia. But in the summit meeting duel, as fought so far, Mr. Dulles is our man. We're taking this intermission to stamp our feet, and cry happily: *Bravo! Bis! Bis!*

Cave Cant

It is heartening news that the Judiciary Committee has voted favorably on three of the numerous proposals that lie before it a) to clarify the law, b) to affirm the Tenth Amendment, and c) otherwise to protect the people against perverse textual interpretations, and pre-emption of authority, by the Supreme Court of the United States. Specifically, the Judiciary Committee has voted by a 9-6 majority in favor of legislation that would a) remove from the Supreme Court jurisdiction over standards set down by the individual states governing qualification for the practice of law (*i.e.*, undo *Konigsberg*), and b) assert the right of Congress exclusively to determine whether a question asked of a witness is relevant to the congressional purpose that committee was set up to serve (*i.e.*, undo *Watkins*).

Several additional proposals that go into making up the Butler Bill and the Jenner Bill will be voted on next week. It appears clear, at this moment, that, at long last, the entire Senate will be given the opportunity to take up, some time during this session, the problem of how to cope with the Warren Court. A national debate is sure to follow—and the Liberals have got themselves a tuning fork.

Last week, participating in a symposium on the Court at Notre Dame University, David F. Maxwell of Philadelphia, immediate past president of the American Bar Association, urging opposition to the Jenner and Butler Bills, recalled that the nation's lawyers rose "almost to a man" to fight the 1937 Court-packing plan. "Now that the pendulum has swung in the other direction, it is equally essential that they unite in defending the Court as an institution."

That will be, we predict, the line most often played in the ensuing weeks: the fight against the Jenner and Butler proposals is a fight for principle. We urge our readers to bear in mind that the principle at stake is constitutional government. Mr. Roosevelt, in lashing out at a recalcitrant Court, wanted men who would constitutionalize New Deal ideology. Mr. Butler and Mr. Jenner want to do whatever is neces-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sary to prevent the Court from a) misinterpreting Congress' will, and b) arrogating authority *unconstitutionally*. In some cases it is merely necessary to make plain what Congress intends, *to clarify the law*. Thus, when the Supreme Court rules that the Smith Act in effect intended to set aside state anti-subversion laws, Congress must, taking stock of the decision, pass a law saying such is *not* Congress' intention, and that is that. In other cases, Congress, protecting what the venerable Professor Edward Corwin describes as its "primal right of investigation," must, either by declaratory legislation, or by legislation limiting the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, affirm its plenary investigative rights.

So beware the cant: beware the oversimplification that asks us, in the name of judicial integrity, to "protect" the Court from Congress. Congress, in Burke's classic phrase, is merely moving in *the name of the Constitution* to correct a "peccant part" of the Constitution. It can do no other.

A Tax Cut in Any Case

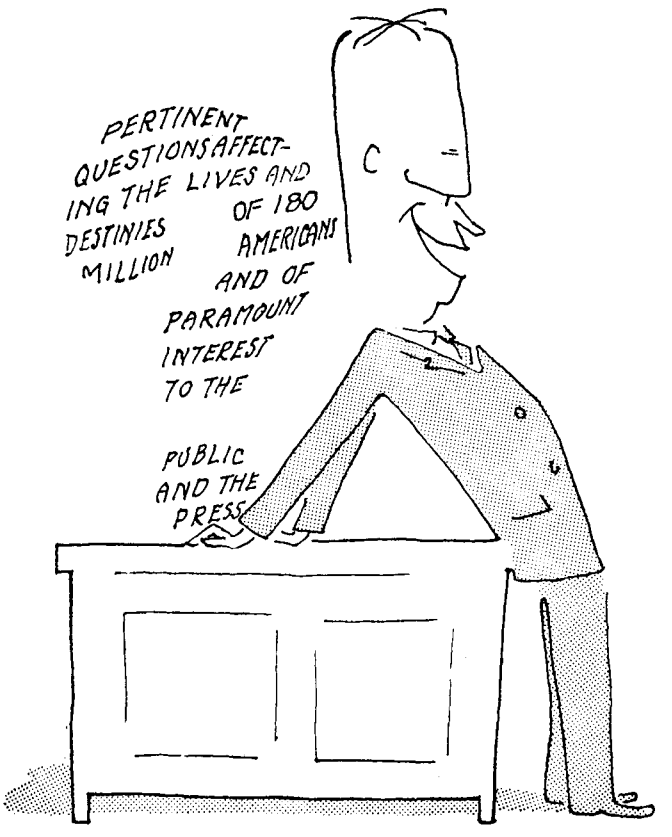
If, as Senator Byrd and others have claimed, the depression is "bottoming out," the argument for sitting tight and doing nothing about a tax cut would seem to be so cogent as to be unanswerable. But such, we very much fear, is not the case. For the phenomenon of "bottoming out" merely means that a downslide is coming to an end; it does not in itself portend the quick spurt of investment that is necessary to bring about a new period of prosperity.

"Bottoming out," indeed, may be just a fancy name for something more ominous: the doldrums, "dead center," or what not. The recently issued Rockefeller Report, which has its good and bad features, indicates that the important thing to do when the doldrums have set in is not to trust to long-term public works (which can hardly be improvised to take effect in the present moment), but to come through with an immediate federal tax reduction. This is the one thing that can move the economy off dead center without too much inflationary damage.

True enough, a tax reduction would serve to unbalance the budget, just as Senator Byrd fears. But against this there is the offsetting likelihood that, to quote the Rockefeller panels, a continuance of the business slowdown could mean a $6 billion tax loss to the government itself. In either case the situation has an inflationary potential. But if the slowdown persists, as we think it likely to do, the nation must come to a tax cut in any event. Better to get it over with now and minimize the long-term harm.

In any event, there ought to be tax cuts of a permanent nature. We would be inclined to favor a tax cut *in any case*, slump or no slump. The tax level is too high for the nation's economic health. It has introduced rigidities, distortions and absurdities into the economic structure, and is the occasion for all sorts of wastes and inefficiencies in both business and government. Contrary to Mr. Bernard Baruch's recent testimony, an over-high tax level, even apart from any governmental deficit and apart from any monetary or credit inflation in the classic sense, is itself (as the Australian economist, Colin Clark, has convincingly shown) a direct and indirect cause of the continuously rising consumer prices that are perhaps the key economic lesion of the present period. To lower the tax rates will lessen some of the distortion, increase the motivation for efficiency, and help revive our lost economic flexibility.

Big governmental expenditures are no argument against lowered taxes. The best solution to big spending is less spending, and the government ought to be compelled to cut its future spending cloth to the reduced taxes it takes in. The Rockefeller Report is to be commended for suggesting immediate cuts as the entering wedge for long-term tax reform. Where the Report falls down is in its insistence on "two-way flexibility in public works." It makes the old Keynesian mistake of assuming that rachet-action can be excluded from politics, and that politicians can cut back at will. They can't.


PERTINENT QUESTIONS AFFECTING THE LIVES AND DESTINIES OF 180 MILLION AMERICANS AND OF PARAMOUNT INTEREST TO THE PUBLIC AND THE PRESS

Kreuttner

"No purpose is served by Pointing the Finger, as that only leads to Rancor and Rancor leads to Housecleaning!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good Advertising?

One of the most popular U.S. exhibits at the Brussels World's Fair is a set of six Shoup voting machines, of the kind in regular use in "advanced" American states. They are being put to silly and not-quite-honest use. Visitors get to vote for their "favorite American statesman" (Lincoln leads Washington), their "favorite American movie star" (Novak leads Monroe), their "favorite American musician" (Satchmo leads Benny Goodman)—not, that is, on whether the USSR delegates should be expelled from the UN as unfit for human society. And the slogan which they offer to the world is a typical piece of doctrinaire democratic "philosophy" by political theorist Dwight Eisenhower: the right to vote in secret is the "ultimate guarantee of liberty and freedom throughout the world."

There are, of course, more things wrong with such a statement than you can shake a stick at: machine-voting is no more secret than properly-conducted booth voting; some equally competent "democratic" political theorists have held that secret voting is a menace to good government; voting doesn't take place in many parts of the globe where considerable freedom is enjoyed; most of the voting in the Soviet Union is "secret," only voters are terrified to vote, in secret, against the regime; the ultimate guarantee of freedom is a willingness to fight for it (yes, Mr. President, to *fight* for it); and so the great advantages of voting machines are 1) that they prevent the deliberate miscounting that has always been characteristic of American politics, and 2) that they enable the "fans" to find out the score quick as the ball-game is over.

Let's Chew on This One

Several recent analyses by dentists, doctors and research scientists have thrown new doubt on the scientific basis of the claims of the fluoridation fanatics. The evidence currently shows that fluorine-treated water has very different effects on different individuals and age groups; that over a long term cumulative injuries to the liver and other organs can be caused, especially in older persons; that the daily intake of water differs so greatly (up to 500 per cent or so) among individuals that there can be no uniform control of fluorine ingestion when the entire water supply is treated; that water treatment is exceedingly wasteful compared to individual treatment of children's teeth, since for every glass that is drunk more than a million go down the drain.

On the strength of the newly published data, water fluoridation plans have been dropped or suspended in a number of cities, including New York, where a preliminary decision has been deferred after a vote—described editorially by the *New York Times* as "an appalling demonstration of Dark Ages thinking"—in the State Senate for a popular referendum.

NATIONAL REVIEW is not at all surprised that the propaganda of the fluoridationists, so far beyond what painstaking observation and experiment can support, is being deflated. At the same time we wish to repeat that the basic objection to fluoridation of the community water supply does not rest primarily on the scientific evidence, and will not be removed even if it is some day proved beyond scientific dispute that fluoridation a) does prevent dental caries in a large percentage of the young, and b) does not seem to have any physically injurious effect on anyone of any age.

The basic objection is not scientific but political and moral. Water fluoridation is compulsory mass medication applied to a physical lesion that is not contagious or communicable, and that belongs, therefore, within the province of individual and family decision. Anyone who wants his children's teeth to be treated with fluoride can have it done under careful individual control at very low cost. There is no more reason for all of us to be compelled to drink fluorine-treated than sulphur-treated water, even though our opposition in both cases may be no more than "Dark Ages thinking."

Opponents of fluoridation should ground their case not on shifting "scientific facts" as interpreted by the experts of the moment, but on the enduring principles of republican order and individual liberty.

O, Pioneer!

Apropos of absolutely nothing at all, we recalled the other day an episode in the career of Dionysius, dictator of Syracuse several hundred years before Christ. Dionysius' government, like others we know of, was in hock—beyond its readily visible means of making good. And on top of it all, Dionysius needed *more* money, to carry on his operations in the palace and on the battlefield.

It is not on record whether a twentieth-century economist appeared in Dionysius' dream to point the way out of the dilemma. But one day Dionysius called in all the drachmae of the realm. When the money was all in or accounted for, he restamped the coins, making two drachmae out of every one. After deducting something for his debts and budget, he returned the balance to the original owners. They were quite pleased, because, by his simple act, their money had been almost doubled. Or so they thought . . .

That was the original mold for inflation, and it still, though patched up and refined here and there, serves. Economists have since come up with sophisti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cated improvements, the most important of which is the interest-bearing IOU, or bond. Nowadays one is not compelled to turn in one's drachmae (except in isolated instances); one simply makes a loan to the government, receiving, in return for cash, a promise of return plus increment. These promissory notes, since they bear the seal of ultimate authority, become money. The effect is the increasing of the medium of exchange without a corresponding increase in the production of goods and services. Result? Prices go up.

Let us hope—apropos of nothing at all—that the story of Dionysius will occur to the members of the Senate Finance Committee in the weeks to come.

The Duty to Resist

We take pleasure in reproducing the following noble letter from Professor Wilhelm Roepke to the Secretary General of the International Association of Political Science. Dr. Roepke, a distinguished economist and author, served for two years as NATIONAL REVIEW'S *Geneva correspondent.*

Sir: In your letter of recent date you are good enough to invite me to join the International Association of Political Science, of which you are Secretary General. I thank you for the invitation, and your kindly intentions. It is with all the more regret that I find myself obliged to say frankly that I cannot take up the invitation, for reasons of principle of which I owe you a candid and sincere account.

For more than a quarter of a century I have devoted all my energies to the struggle against the scourge of our age, that is, totalitarianism in all its forms and shades, brown or red. I have, as you know, never hesitated to expose myself, in that struggle, to the greatest of dangers, or to choose exile and abandonment of my career in preference to surrender. I believe I have come, in following that course, to understand the essence of totalitarianism and its expansionist tactics, in connection with which it can always count strongly upon the involuntary cooperation of a certain tired kind of liberalism, sufficiently blind to apply principles of toleration and reasoned discussion to the worst intolerance the world has ever seen, without noticing that it thereby commits an act that is treasonable, suicidal—and stupid. Where brown totalitarianism is concerned, I daresay you and I see eye to eye. You would have refused, no less indignantly than I did, an invitation to join a learned society which, by receiving them with open arms, would have given the National Socialists an opportunity to cover up their crimes and their plans of conquest with pretenses regarding science, whose most elementary principles their ideology denied, and regarding tolerance, which they merely exploited in order to sow intellectual and moral confusion.

Perhaps you will recall Vemelot's phrase, which is the policy of all totalitarianisms: "When I am the weaker I demand liberty of you, because liberty is one of *your* principles; but when, one day, I am the stronger, I shall strip you of liberty because stripping others of liberty is one of *my* principles." Such an invitation as I have mentioned would, undoubtedly, have struck you as an expression of contempt, cynical and extreme, for the intended dupes, and you would have declined it as an insult to your intelligence. And you would, in doing so, have been a thousand times right. But what is the difference between brown totalitarianism and the red totalitarianism of our time, save that the latter is infinitely the more dangerous? You will excuse me, I trust, from explicating further here, that which I have so often explicated in my published writings. But the danger of committing a "treason of the clerks" is surely identical in the two cases.

I cannot write here an essay on the topic, but I do hope I have said enough to make clear to you why I react as I do to your invitation. In a word: that your association—an association of *political science* that ought to grasp, more firmly than anything else, the true nature of totalitarianism—that your association, I say, should include the Communist countries, represented by delegates who are in the nature of the case mere mouthpieces of their governments, and let one of those countries have a seat on your executive committee, leaves me speechless. That fact in itself tells us much about the extent to which the free world is today worn-out and undermined. I, for one, prefer, as I hope I have made clear, to stand today and tomorrow with those who believe it their duty to resist.

Yours very truly,
W. ROEPKE

Our Contributors: RUSSELL KIRK ("The Seventh Congress of Freedom"), well-known author and columnist for NATIONAL REVIEW, is also editor of the quarterly magazine, *Modern Age*. . . . J. D. FUTCH ("Mortarboard in the Ring") spent six years at Johns Hopkins, the last two as a graduate student in history. At present he is in the Army. . . . ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN ("Creeping Flexibility"), a previous contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, is now teaching at the National War College, on leave from Marquette University. . . . C. ROBERT MORSE ("The Game of If . . .") is a painter, poet (*The Two Persephones*), short-story writer and critic, who has lately become an *aficionado* of science fiction— which, since Sputnik and Explorer, is not looking so fictional these days.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Seventh Congress of Freedom

The author of 'The Conservative Mind' finds the Congress still without a meeting of minds, but soberly working toward political rationality

RUSSELL KIRK

The seventh annual convention of the Congress of Freedom met in Kansas City on April 17, 18 and 19: "an organization of conservative Americans presenting a cross-section of libertarian thinking." Perhaps two hundred and fifty people came, most of them from the Middle West and the South. It was the smallest convention of the Congress thus far, but probably the most coherent; and it was organized by two intelligent doctors who are active in the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons—Dr. Arthur G. Blazey and Dr. James I. Doenges.

The Congress' program contained little novelty, appropriately enough for conservatives. Mr. Eugene W. Castle spoke against foreign aid, Mr. Dan Smoot on "Scaring Freedom to Death," and General Bonner Fellers on "Better Defense for Less Money"; there were several other addresses. The most interesting and carefully prepared speech—at least to my mind—was that of Dr. Anthony Bouscaren (at present with the Army War College), who grimly sketched what *may* be the American helplessness before the Soviets in 1971, if our present vacillation is not amended. Your servant talked about "A Method for Conservative Unity," of which more presently. With the possible exceptions of Mr. Bouscaren and your servant (the only professors there), the gentlemen and ladies present tended toward what *los liberales* delight in calling "ultra-conservatism." But such classifications are not very useful. The truth of the matter is that in twentieth-century America most people who are really seriously interested in politics tend to be ultra-something-or-other; so far as the mass of men is concerned, ours is not so much an age of moderation as it is an age of apathy.

For its seven years of existence, the Congress of Freedom has been troubled by eccentricity. In this, the Congress is not peculiar: anyone who attends rallies of radical or liberal groups will observe similar tendencies toward what Burke called "metaphysical madness." In a time when the fountains of the great deep are broken up, oddity surges to the top; and sometimes, as Tocqueville wrote in 1848, craziness is actually the means to temporary success. A wise friend of mine, commenting on the strange and fanatic nature of one leader of resistance to "integration" in the South, said, "Of course he's crazy. No one but a crazy man could have resisted a generation of 'liberal' indoctrination. Nearly all the sane leadership was washed away a good while ago."

More Prudence

Well, the Congress of Freedom was a good deal more sober in 1958 than in previous years. At one time it was enthusiastic for the anarchism of young Mr. Thaddeus Ashby; and at another, there was a strong and disagreeable tendency toward anti-Jewish opinions. This year, however, shorn of most of its lunatic-fringe support, the Congress did its best to get down to political rationality.[1]

A good deal of oddity was present, of course; it is present at every political convention in America, for we tend to devote our energies to making money, and leave ourselves to be governed by odd creatures, charlatans, and rascals, with a saving remnant of devoted people who serve at great personal sacrifice. The oddity of the American Right is no more pronounced, and is less malign, than the oddity of the American Left. But there was also a good deal of sound sense and honesty present, especially among the women. When a faith is declining, Andrew Lang writes somewhere, its guardianship passes into the hands of women, whose natural conservatism persuades them to be the most courageous adherents of lost causes. However this may be, I was heartened by some of the women at the Congress. The gentle sex may yet save us from folly.

On April 19 and 20, the Constitution Party also met in Kansas City, in the same hotel; and the symptoms were that the Constitution Party is not long for this world. Like the Congress of Freedom, that body is plagued by the splintering and the eccentricities of the Radical Right: everyone wishes to be a leader, no one a follower; and those people are eager to talk most who ought to talk least. At the sessions of the Congress, now and again well-meaning gentlemen would arise and demand, on no particular provocation, some immediate, simple and unitary cure for all the ills to which flesh is heir: some prompt and certain route back to the Golden Age. But no one—and this was a mark of health, rather than of sickness, in the 1958 Congress of Freedom—had the answer pat. Prudence was creeping in, the realization that politics is the art of the possible, and that the great problems of the civil social order never are wholly solved, nor can be. Yet the meeting of minds was imperfect.

Internecine feud and irreconcilable fragmentation are marks of a failing cause. When a faction, like the Celts of the Twilight, goes forth to do battle without hope of victory, the temper of its members becomes exacerbated. To defeat the common enemy seems impossible; thus the faction's members

[1] One "Col. Harry Ivan Davidson, Th.D., Ph.D., D.Lit." mailed to persons attending the Congress a list of books and recommended periodicals (not including NATIONAL REVIEW), together with an anti-Jewish tract. "Order books from us or your dealer and ask about literature or fine printing wanted. Contact press about degrees via mail, water purifiers, natural vitamins, razor blades." Colonel Davidson offered "all the truth you need to know," but not military titles, by mail.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become so many Cains, their hands against every man's. It is easier to quarrel with one's comrade, and perhaps to draw the sword against him, than to confront the great power of the general adversary. One haggles, sea-lawyer fashion, over small points; seeks out alleged faint-hearts and traitors in one's own ranks; and conducts little purges of asserted trimmers and malignants. For although this may not be a pleasant business, it is pleasanter than taking the wintry roads which lead to the dismal plain whereon is arrayed the enemy host.

David's four hundred men in the Cave of Adullam must have been a cheerless company; had they abided much longer in that hold, instead of marching against Saul, doubtless they all would have been at swords' points. The American conservatives have been Adullamites for a good while now. I mean the active and thinking conservatives, who are a remnant in our land; the great majority of Americans remain conservative by interest, prejudice and tradition, but are politically ignorant and indifferent, easily manipulated by tight little knots of Liberals and radicals. Well, the more conscious American conservatives, feeling themselves to stand with their backs against the wall in an age of collectivism, have tended to go sour in temper and cantankerous rather than resolute. If they can prevent it, cheerfulness never will break in upon them. Conservatism, it has been said, is enjoyment; but this phrase sounds ironical in the United States nowadays.

Thirteen Points

Now cheerfulness often comes with consciousness of a common cause, a sense of unity, a possibility of substantial achievement. This forming of a general practicable program the Congress of Freedom, like other conservative groups in our country, as yet has been unable to achieve. The members of the Congress, indeed, list thirteen points on which they agree, from "necessity of maintaining a federal government of *limited* and *defined* powers" to "opposition to mass medication"; though some of the points are quite within the realm of possibility, others are next to hopeless to achieve, and one—"impeachment of the Supreme Court"— is not only a radical resort, but a legal absurdity, since one can no more draw up an indictment of a whole court, as such, than of a whole people. (Individual justices of the Supreme Court, in theory, may be impeached and convicted for lack of "good behavior"—but in fact they never have been.)

The thirteen points of the Congress of Freedom, in short, do not provide any satisfactory rallying-standard for American conservatives. Some of them, indeed, tend to justify the Liberals' taunts about the "Radical Right." Yet even these thirteen points represent a modifying and reduction of the original demands of many early Congress of Freedom people; and the failure to come forward with One Big Idea (just what the Idea is, always varies with the particular zealot) has cost the Congress the allegiance of a good many enthusiasts for Pure Doctrine.

In reality, there is no One Big Idea, or One Infallible Platform, which can unite the disparate conservative elements in the United States. No simple formula can join inseparably the Northerners and the Southerners, the rural interest and the urban interest, the religious conservatives and the utilitarian old-fangled liberals, the anti-Soviet people and the isolationists—not to mention the anti-fluoridationists, the "philosophical" anarchists, and the protectionists. All that can reasonably be hoped for, so far as the immediate future is concerned, is a series of leagues and coalitions of anti-collectivist elements against the collectivist tendency of the times. And it is some consolation that Liberal and radical elements in America are equally lacking in any coherent bond or program.

Hope for Unity

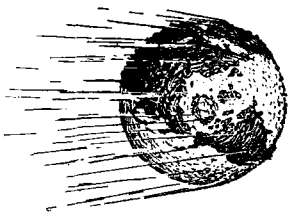
Yet in the long run there remains hope for a conservative unity of a higher order. Such groups as the Congress of Freedom can serve an important purpose if they turn to seeking out, and discussing, those first principles upon which depends a just and orderly and free society. And the more they turn toward first principles, the smaller will be the role within their ranks played by the fantastic and the fanatic; the more will they attract people of substance and sound sense. All this requires imagination; and some conservatives, at least, still are imaginative.

What, in essence, is a conservative? Well, he is a man who prefers the devil he knows to the devil he doesn't; but he is something more. He is a person who endeavors to conserve norms: to defend and renew certain ancient principles of human nature and society, without which there can be no order in personality or the state. He is not merely a man who holds that ours is the best of all possible worlds. The superficial Liberal endeavors to twit the conservative with such naive inquiries as this: "Who are the conservatives in Russia? Is Khrushchev a conservative, because he is defending the *status quo* there?" The answer, of course, is that there are no known conservatives left in Russia; to be known as a conservative there, is to be done to death. The champions of Communist orthodoxy are not conservatives, because they do not defend true norms, enduring standards of human nature and society. The mere possession of power does not convert a radical into a conservative.

The thinking conservative, indeed, almost always has been in a marked minority, and so has seemed a "radical" to the superficial Liberal. Norms of morals and politics are flouted in every age, and usually the possessors of power and wealth are among the violators of norms. Therefore the conservative of imagination and conscience almost always feels that the time is out of joint. He laments that ever he was put to set things right; he would like to enjoy life, and he does not mistake politics for the highest order of knowledge or action; but he does his duty as the conservator of norms.

Conventions and committees rarely accomplish much of an enduring positive nature. The important work is done by men in solitude; conventions merely ratify their labors. The real purpose of gatherings of conservatively-inclined people is not to produce a panacea, but to bring about some meeting of minds and heartening of wills. Once this limitation is accepted, a conservative congress becomes something better than a Cave of Adullam.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Dispatches from Here and There

LENINGRAD. During 1957 more than 4,000 students—nearly half of the total—were expelled from Leningrad University for political unreliability. Charges were often based on articles in the student publications, which the authorities found guilty of ridiculing the Soviet system.

NEW YORK. Aggressive propaganda enterprises comparable to the U.S. "Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy," agitating for various slogans paralleling the current Soviet demands in the nuclear and armament field, are being actively pushed in many nations of the free world. Some analysts of Communist behavior are struck by the similarity to the early spread of the powerful Communist front of the thirties, the International League against War and Fascism, and are wondering whether a new Willi Muensterberg is masterminding the international operation.

MOSCOW. In a private discussion, the ambassador from a Communist satellite nation made the following statements: 1) The State Department text of the secret Khrushchev speech to the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party was accurate, but cut. 2) One cut passage referred to the execution of Voznesensky, director of the Five Year Plan. When Stalin was about to break with Tito in 1949, Voznesensky advised delay on economic grounds. Stalin shouted, "You are defending the imperialist agent, Tito," and within 24 hours V. was shot. 3) In his last year Stalin had sculptors make several dozen statues that portrayed him as large, handsome and majestic. These were gathered in the Kremlin where Stalin paced back and forth contemplating them. 4) When the public announcement was made that Stalin had suffered a stroke, he was already dead, poisoned by one of the doctors involved in the "doctors' conspiracy" frameup, acting under the direction of Beria with the knowledge of most of the other Politburo members. 5) Beria's "arrest" was announced on July 10, 1953; and his trial, December 26, 1953. Actually, Beria was shot by Zhukov, who beat him to the draw at the June 26, 1953 Central Committee meeting that Khrushchev had called to "regulate the Beria case" while Zhukov's Red Army units were secretly arresting Beria's key men in the apparatus of the secret police.

PEIPING. Since 1955 Communist China —contrary to orthodox Marxian doctrine, which explains overpopulation as a result of capitalist "contradiction"—has been encouraging birth control. *Encounter* translates an official New China News Agency report of a recommendation on the subject by Yeh Hsi-chin, Deputy of the National People's Congress: "Fresh tadpoles coming out in the Spring should be washed clean in cold well water, and swallowed whole three or four days after menstruation. If a woman swallows fourteen live tadpoles on the first day and ten more on the following day, she will not conceive for five years. If contraception is still required after that, she can repeat the formula twice, and be forever sterile. . . . This formula is good in that it is effective, safe, and not expensive. The defect is that it can be used only in the Spring."

BERLIN. A Lithuanian named Alfred Saunus has provided direct information concerning the hitherto secret existence of special far northern Soviet slave camps from which Saunus is the first inmate to escape to the West. North from Solikamsk at the foot of the Urals stretch a string of camps holding principally Balts plus some Ukrainians. Many of them are wildly deformed, as a result of interrogation methods that included breaking fingers, arms and legs which were left to heal (if the victim lived) without being set or otherwise treated medically. Saunus himself is heavily marked by scars which were the aftermath of another inquisitorial practice: tying the prisoners with barbed wire, and then rolling them along the ground. In the winter of 1956-57 thousands of kidnapped Hungarian youth were brought into the camps near Vsesviatka, in one of Khrushchev's cultural exchanges.

KIEV. Provincial newspapers are beginning to voice the indignation of collective farmers disillusioned by the way Khrushchev's directive to liquidate the government's Machine Tractor Stations is working out. The MTS charge the farms inflated prices for machines so old and broken down that many of them cannot be used without major repairs. Moreover, the transfer of the machines to the farms, which will now take over the jobs formerly handled (at a big loss to the government) by the MTS personnel, is serving as an excuse for a new drive against the "one cow and private plot" by which the farmers have kept themselves from total absorption into the collectivist system.

PRAGUE. Except in Bulgaria and Rumania, television, though far behind the West, is being rapidly expanded in the satellite nations as in the Soviet Union proper. Receiving sets are too expensive for ordinary citizens, but many are distributed to worker, student, cultural and factory organizations. The Soviet Union now has 36 sending centers in the large cities, with 80 more currently under construction. A Soviet bloc "Eastern Eurovision" hookup comparable to "Eurovision"—the TV network now linking West European nations for certain programs—will probably be tried out before long. There is already discussion about a future East-West Eurovision hookup, but the Communist authorities seem rather nervous about the possible effect on their carefully insulated subjects of such a short-circuiting of the Iron Curtain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The "Ethics" of Illegitimate Governments

In the sprawling rural constituency of Torrington in Devon the Liberal Party has made its first by-election gain in twenty-nine years. There will now be six Liberal Members of Parliament instead of five. This may not sound exactly like a conquering army, but its significance is considerable. Over 80 per cent of the electorate voted—a substantially higher proportion than at the last General Election. Mr. Mark Bonham Carter, the Liberal, polled 13,408 votes: Mr. Anthony Royle, the Conservative, scored 13,189; and Mr. Leonard Lamb, the Socialist, came last with 8,697. A near thing, you see; so near there had to be a re-count.

Torrington has a Liberal tradition and, like most country places, remains unattracted by Socialist doctrines. Only at the very end of the campaign was there any flare-up of bitterness or class hatred, and that was stimulated by the arrival of that Socialist gorgon, Mrs. Bessie Braddock, who once refused to sign Winston Churchill's memorial book, given to him as a tribute by all the other Members of Parliament.

But the main hostilities took place between the Conservative and Liberal candidates. The Conservatives accused the Liberals of having no policy of their own and of intervening in a way which could only help the Socialists. The Liberals accused the Conservatives of all sorts of wicked things, but chiefly of talking as though the Liberal Party had no democratic right to put up candidates at all. Indeed, such bitterness as there was at Torrington was anti-Tory bitterness displayed by the Liberals and now transformed into an orgy of anti-Tory gloating. Much though I should welcome any intervention which broke the power of the Party machines in Parliament, I can't help finding this attitude alarming. For, if the Conservatives and the Liberals stay locked in fratricidal strife, Britain will have a Labor Government.

At Torrington the Socialist was outvoted by three to one, which was enough to keep him out: but in how many constituencies will that apply? In how many can the anti-Socialist vote be safely split?

This is a question which is now seriously agitating a lot of people—but apparently not the people who matter, that is, the Conservative and Liberal Party officials. Various suggestions are being put forward. The most comprehensive, though entirely unofficial, scheme for an "Anti-Socialist Front" recommends an agreement between the two parties under which the marginal constituencies would be divided up so that Tory candidates would be left to fight for precariously held Conservative seats and Liberal candidates to fight for precariously held Labor seats. The more theoretically minded want to see an alternative vote system introduced into the electoral laws; and of course the Liberal Party itself has been demanding proportional representation for years. If any of these plans were adopted, Britain would almost certainly be spared another Socialist Government: but none of them will be.

The practical reason why none of them will be is that party politicians are first and foremost party politicians. But there is a more profound and far-reaching reason. People have still not understood the nature of socialism and its relationship to what may be termed "legitimate" forms of government.

Legitimate forms of government are concerned with keeping the peace and securing the framework within which the community goes about its lawful occasions. But socialism is by its very nature revolutionary, desiring not to preserve and secure but to overturn and destroy. Legitimate forms of government operate, at least ostensibly, within the same concepts of law. They can therefore compete or cooperate without doing too much violence to the fabric of society. But socialism is different in kind from *legitimate* forms of government: it can neither cooperate nor compete with them on equal terms.

In international affairs this difference has a still wider and more alarming application. Socialism, as we know it in the West, is only a mild and limited form of Communism. If the revolutionary nature of socialism makes it difficult to have normal dealings between socialist parties and "legitimate" parties, *a fortiori* the revolutionary nature of Communism makes it difficult to have normal dealings between Communist countries and countries with "legitimate" governments.

This is the fallacy underlying so much of today's talk about summit conferences, negotiations between East and West, easing tension, making an agreement with Moscow and so on. What divides East and West is not some accidental quarrel which could be settled by dispelling our misconceptions about each other. It is a clash between two incompatible philosophies.

The whole theory of classical diplomacy, to which the idea of conferences and pacts belongs, rests on the assumption that the parties concerned are operating roughly within the same framework: that, however badly they behave in practice, they do accept the same principles of right and wrong and have a common interest in preserving the fabric of civilized society. But revolutionary governments are not interested in settling the issues which divide them from the legitimate governments: on the contrary, those issues are the condition and purpose of their own existence. Legitimate governments may and often do break agreements, but in principle they believe that agreements ought to be kept. Communists, on the other hand, judge the goodness or badness of an action according to whether or not it serves the interests of Communism. They regard it as a positively good action to break an agreement if breaking it helps to promote the world revolution.

Except in the most rigorously limited matters, therefore, it is impossible to do legitimate business with revolutionary parties or governments, and it is highly dangerous to try. That is the great problem of our time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mortarboard in the Ring

Backed by twenty-two of his colleagues at Johns Hopkins, but not by the Democratic Party machine, a Maryland professor is making an energetic bid for nomination to the United States Senate

J. D. FUTCH

Politics offers few spectacles as diverting as that presented by a professor who enters the dusty and blood-spattered arena as a combatant.

Of course, if he wins, and turns out to be a Woodrow Wilson with his "New Freedom" and his "Fourteen Points," then the matter promptly ceases to be funny, and the public finds itself, as Winston Churchill said in a somewhat different connection in September 1939, "in the presence of a crisis of the first magnitude."

During the past few years the "Free State" of Maryland has seen a few college professors milling about in the political fray arousing now mirth, now consternation.

Four years ago, for example, Dr. H. C. Byrd—"Curly" to his friends and enemies—aspired to the governorship, having already emulated Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., by rising from a mere doctorate in physical education to truly dazzling heights—the presidency of the University of Maryland. As bad luck would have it, however, Dr. Byrd's candidacy failed, due to squabbling within the Democratic Party, and the laurels of victory ended up in a strange place—crowning the ample brow of the present Governor, Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, an Eisenhower Republican who can best be described—or explained away—as one of the more unlikely jesters in the Court of the Establishment.

Now, four years later, another Maryland member of the world's most imposing, if not oldest, profession has taken off for the political wars. This time it's Dr. Clarence D. Long, professor of economics at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Long is out on his own for the Democratic senatorial nomination, campaigning "entirely without machine help or encouragement," to quote a letter issued in January in support of his candidacy by twenty-four of his colleagues at Hopkins:

> Clarence has taken the bull by the horns and entered the contest entirely without machine help or encouragement.
>
> He does not have any wealthy angel backing his campaign and footing the bill. He is spending his own money, and he makes his like we do. He needs help. A campaign runs to money. . . .
>
> It is not enough to wish him well and vote for him next May in the primary and again in November. We invite and urge you to send in a check.

What with the high cost of politicking and everything, it wasn't surprising to see the professors putting on the bite, but one was a bit taken aback at their using *like* for *as*. Maybe this touch was directed at "the Common Man," this being his century.

Still, a considerable part of Dr. Long's campaign is purposely ***not*** aimed at the Common Man but rather, according to one Maryland newspaper writer, at "the intellectual Democrats," whoever *they* may be. That question aside, one gathers that in general the campaign is intended to be Stevensonian, *i.e.*, conducted on a lofty, yet at the same time profound, level. As Anna Russell says, it can be done with practice.

Apparently, though, not all of Dr. Long's supporters are entirely happy with the way this has been working out. In early March one Baltimore gentleman wrote a letter to the *Sun*, for all the good that would do, complaining that the Professor had merely been carping at the city's inept attempts at snow removal after the February blizzard instead of discussing "the many and grave issues before the country."

The *Sun's* correspondent and other Long backers had probably been counting upon illuminating reflections about "McCarthyism" (always good for some hoarse cheers from the pit). When, instead, the good Doctor came up with snowballs for the city administration, which happens to be headed by his principal campaign rival, the local intelligentsia no doubt had "that let-down feeling."

Conservative Planks

The truth is that the *Sun's* correspondent was unfair in his criticism of Dr. Long, who really has discussed important issues during the campaign. And conservatives will be heartened to learn that the Professor's platform includes several planks to which the Liberal Establishment takes violent exception. For one thing, he has shown serious concern over our continuing inflation and calls for government action to halt it, whereas the Left has ignored the ever increasing cost-of-living figures and for months has been loudly demanding inflationary measures to combat the business recession.

Equally important, candidate Long has suggested a five-year program for abolishing farm-price supports. Conservative economists are pretty much agreed on the necessity of some such move as this to restore reason and order to American agriculture, where lie some of the deepest roots of our chronic inflation.

Libertarian conservatives will also welcome Dr. Long's proposal that we abandon peacetime conscription and build up our regular armed forces. Even though this drop-the-draft idea popped up in Adlai Stevenson's last campaign, the Right undoubtedly realizes that the abolition of conscription must accompany the dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mantling of the statist structure which has been built up during the past generation.

In warning of "the excessive power of giant corporations and unions," the Hopkins economist has reminded the voters that these are two evils of a kind, and that a union's misuse of its power is no less injurious to the public interest than a company's. His call for "the encouragement of small and democratic unions" indicates a responsible concern for both the national welfare and the rights of union members.

On the debit side of Professor Long's record, however, we find recommendations for increasing the minimum wage to $1.35 an hour, a proposal hardly reconcilable with his fear of inflation; for extending the reciprocal trade agreements; and, worst of all, for increasing our aid to underdeveloped countries.

Tilt with the Machine

But we've strayed off the subject. We were about to remark that it is a whopping understatement to say that Dr. Long is seeking office "without machine help or encouragement." He is vehemently attacking the regular Democratic organization in the state, and his assault upon it and upon its senatorial candidate in the May 20 primary constitutes one of the principal phases of his campaign.

Now Baltimore's longtime mayor, "Tommy" D'Alessandro, the organization's man, is far from being a paragon of statesmanship, and in the eyes of many does not cut an especially attractive figure beside the impeccably respectable Dr. Long. However, the Professor's insistence on his fight against the rich and powerful machine leads us to reflect on a political axiom, *viz.*: that there are numerous cases of Liberals opposing machine politicians, just as there are many of Liberals opposing conservatives.

The reason is that the machine boys are rarely eager to mount a white charger and gallop off to the crusades. In general, they are satisfied to gain access to the public kitty for themselves and their "friends," and are disinclined to bother their heads with do-good projects. They are natural exponents of *laisser-faire*. Nonetheless, conservatives may well reflect that these characters will probably do much less harm to society, for all their shallow brains and deep pockets, than more upright men who may be entertaining Heaven knows what world-saving ideas.

What leads scholars like Woodrow Wilson, Paul Douglas, Clarence Long and others into political life? The activities and personal associations it involves cannot be pleasant for such men. We can only suggest that possibly the time arrives when they become fed up with their role of pearl-casting in a world run by fools and knaves. Perhaps they begin to resent it that they, the repositories of wisdom and truth, should be regarded as ineffectual, inept and impractical—dwellers in ivory towers; "absent-minded professors."

For example, no sooner had Dr. Long's twenty-four fellow teachers at Hopkins published their endorsement of his election bid than the

Baltimore *Evening Sun* was asking editorially, "Dear Clarence—How many votes can Bill Albright, Fritz Machlup and the other 22 professors endorsing your candidacy swing?" Stung, the Professor came back with a reply little to the point but probably galling to the paper: he asked in effect whether its editorials could swing any more votes than the teachers.

Well, now, if this is what the denizens of Academe must put up with from irreverent newspaper editors, what about the governors of society? Here again, Western teachers and thinkers always found ample cause for complaint. It is a fact that most people in most times have been governed more or less as they have deserved, which is to say, miserably.

What to do about it all?

The classic answer was outlined many and many a year ago by Plato, who announced that things would never improve until kings became philosophers or, better still, philosophers kings. This prospect has held an irresistible attraction for thinkers and writers ever since. As every college student who has ever been exposed to political science or philosophy knows, they have in their studies became legislators for Utopian realms of their own invention, a whole tribe of men who would be kings.

King Demos

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the leaders of Western thought realized that it was pretty silly (they would have said "irrational") for people like the Stuarts and the Bourbons to be on thrones. Of course the Hanoverians were silly, too, but they were really *hors de combat* for all practical purposes.

At the time it seemed a good idea to the intellectual élite to incite a *jacquerie* against those who were sitting in the seats of the mighty, in the expectation that afterwards the masses would submit to them or to their followers. Of course the fate of Condorcet wasn't very clearly foreseen.

In like manner, the gentlemen at Philadelphia in 1776 and 1787 assumed that the good people of America would always go along with the Virginia and Massachusetts dynasties, never suspecting that the future held anything like Andrew Jackson, let alone such grotesqueries as FDR, Give-'em-Hell Harry, or The Infectious Grin.

Things have not worked out as the planners expected, and for several generations now their successors have grown increasingly estranged from King Demos, seeing that he will not share his throne with the philosopher-king, and indeed that the hoped-for "heavenly city of the eighteenth-century philosophers" is as far from realization under Demos' aegis as ever it was during the *ancien régime*.

And now we must lay down our pen. There is still that dissertation to finish, and as soon as that's done and we have an associate-professorship lined up somewhere, we're filing for the city council from our district. Talk about *épater le bourgeois!* Just wait till they see some of the projects we plan to lay before the town fathers!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Report

Creeping Flexibility

ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN

Editorially, the *Washington Post* (and *Times Herald*) stands to the left of Dean Gooderham Acheson. Recently the *Post* took Acheson to task for his criticism of George Kennan's views on disengagement. Acheson, complained the *Post,* seemed to be just as inflexible as Dulles. What the *Post* wants is flexibility—the more the better. Its two current favorites are Kennan, of course, and more particularly Childe Harold Stassen. Their virtue is flexibility.

The *Post,* Kennan, and Stassen agree that inasmuch as the Soviets are not yet prepared to make concessions, we must start the ball rolling. Include the Poles and Czechs in the conference which must be held, so that the Communist states won't get the idea we are ganging up on them. Then give the Communist states ironclad agreements that we will defend *them* against aggression (presumably German), and accept the Rapacki Plan with minor reservations. Meanwhile we must take steps to reduce our military strength, to break the log jam of disarmament.

Containment Must Go

What is most significant about the pattern of thinking of the Flexible Three is not so much their views on immediate concrete issues as it is the direction in which their philosophy is moving. Some years ago they were afraid that the liberation doctrine might be accepted, so they took up the cudgels in defense of containment. But all this is now passé. The Flexible Flyers are now convinced that liberation is a dead issue—that they have won their victory over it. So they evacuate their containment trenches and retreat to prepared positions from which they launch some salvos at containment. Containment is now the enemy, for it is the rigidity of containment that causes Soviet suspicions to linger. Therefore containment must go, and the new theme is friendly competition, relaxation and negotiations. Smile at the advancing bear and offer him Worcestershire sauce. This is the way the *Post* put it on February 21:

> What is the basic American and Allied strategy for dealing with the Soviet Union? Is it to attempt to contain the Communist system militarily and economically, and by maintaining pressure force the disruption or dissolution of the system? Or is it to compete with the Soviet Union, retaining a strong military deterrent, but seeking gradual relaxation of tensions and negotiations based upon equality and mutual interest?

. . . *And in 1960?*

At this rate of retreat, we might reasonably predict that within a year or two the *Post,* inspired by its Flexible Filosofers, will advance this editorial for the consideration of morning readers:

> What is the basic American and Allied strategy for dealing with the Soviet Union? Is it to attempt to compete with the Soviet Union, retaining a military deterrent and seeking negotiations based on equality? Or is it to frankly recognize Soviet military and scientific supremacy and the need for friendly regimes in Western Europe, and take such action as is necessary to create world-wide conditions sympathetic to Soviet security requirements?

The immediate cause of the *Post* editorial of February 21 was an address by Stassen's disarmament aide, Robert E. Matteson, at the University of Minnesota, a flexible university. Matteson, having seen his boss depart, is apparently trying to see how far he can go (and still keep his job) by obliquely attacking Dulles' rigidity, while simultaneously striving to advance the "let us concede if they don't" doctrine of Childe Harold. If Matteson and his associates in State, the press, and academic life succeed, the "Foster Must Go" fraternity, headed by Khrushchev, will have made its point.

Another blow for flexibility was recently struck by Walter Millis, pen pal of George Kennan, in the *New York Times* Magazine of February 2. Millis, out in the deep fog of left field, accuses the United States of having started the Cold War, warmongering, unwarranted meddling in the peaceful democratic affairs of the "peoples' republics," and promoting "an atmosphere of nervosity and fear." We must not, says Flexible Walter, be duped by "fear-engendered myths, largely of our own creation." Let us call off the Cold War, and get on with the competition, he pleads: "We can, as C. L. Sulzberger put it in a recent column in the *Times,* forget the war on 'international Communism,' and 'stick to self-defense, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' "

The new theme attacking containment and advocating proper respect for the Communist World was summarized thus by Millis: "The establishment of Communist regimes in China, North Korea, North Vietnam and in Central Europe is the result of historic processes which, whether good or ill, cannot be undone . . . we should accept the situation and learn to live with it . . ." This really sounds like 1946 and 1947, when Henry Wallace and the gang were demanding that we call off the dogs of war and give the Soviets more warm water ports and loans. The "Let's get flexible" coterie is retrogressing. Soon it will be 1945 again, when we can try to do better than Yalta and Potsdam. This time we can start with *all* of Germany, *all* of China, and *all* of Japan.

The big question now is how soon will the *Post,* Stassen, Millis and Company abandon "competition and relaxation" for surrender? Already serious attention is being paid to the question whether we should retaliate at all when both sides have ICBMs and the enemy lets fly. Indeed, several intimate conferences on the subject have been held in the capital, called on the initiative of those who not only flexibly follow the Post today, but who are preparing for life in occupied America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Soviet Initiative

Many Europeans are asking themselves these days whether the Russians have a permanent monopoly on starting political moves and on springing surprises on the rest of the world. Will it always be the depressing lot of the Americans (and their allies) to counter these moves without ever getting a chance to gain the initiative? The answer is, obviously, "yes," not because the Russians are brilliant or because Communism is wonderful, but because democracy—like every other kind of government—has disadvantages. One in particular is fatal, or nearly fatal: the inability to engage in a truly constructive foreign policy.

There is a delightful saying, often repeated in complacent democracies, that absolutist government is like a proud ship made of steel, easily maneuvered, comfortable for the passengers, superior in speed. But when it hits a reef, it sinks like a rock. Democracy, on the other hand, is like a slow, open raft, tossed around by the windswept sea, where the passengers always have their feet in the water. But it never, never sinks. With such silly half-truths have the citizens of the greater and lesser democracies consoled themselves for the last hundred years!

Yet the historic truth is quite different. True, in our day we have seen democracies win great victories in open warfare, but they were far more numerous, far richer, far better equipped than their dictatorial adversaries and they usually had the aid of other tyrannies or at least absolute governments.

This is amply illustrated by the course of both World Wars. Take paper and pencil and work out the manpower, the raw material, the industrial resources, the navies, the merchant marines of the opposing camps, and the disparity between them will be evident. One has only to remember the battle-cry of fifteen years ago: "We'll outnumber them and outproduce them!" And the Germans were outnumbered, outproduced and, in the pitch of the battle, even outwitted. Without American aid, needless to say, the European democracies would have been crushed one by one in both wars.

At the present moment, we are not in a shooting war. The "democracies" do not have their backs against the wall. We *are* in a cold war, though, a stage of jockeying and maneuvering, a battle of wits, a game to win the admiration, the fear, the sympathy, the awe of new, small or large nations everywhere. A country which is crushed by overwhelming forces still might (and probably will) get compassion; but a giant who is outsmarted, who proves to be slow-witted, unimaginative, resourceless, dull and confused, will lose his friends—and encourage his enemies.

The heroes in the battle of Hungary were the Hungarian people, not the Free World, and not the Soviets—though they scored psychologically by demonstrating their determination to defend their own interests brutally. The Free World showed that it neither lives up to its ideals nor even to its interests: it proved neither virtuous nor wise.

The answer to our inquiry is that absolute governments (absolute monarchies, dictatorships, personal tyrannies) have neither to consult public opinion nor to divulge their moves beforehand. In other words, they have *two* definite advantages in a psychological war of position: their hands are not tied *and* they can operate in complete secrecy until it is time to spring their trap. Such advantages democracies, too, enjoy—*after* the beginning of a hot war, *after* they have been badly mauled; rarely before. Because *surprise*, one of the main elements in winning a hot or cold war, is not available to the democracies they must remain on the defensive—at least until an open war breaks out.

A foreign policy at once popular and effective cannot easily be achieved. Nor, to mention another disadvantage, can there be much stability within the democratic framework because democracy rests on change rather than on permanence. Yet without stability there can hardly be trust. France's constitution is more democratic than that of the United States; hence it is less effective and, above all, less stable. The U.S. cannot possibly guess who will be in command in France a week or a month from now. The State Department cannot know who will emerge as victor from Italy's impending elections. Mr. Dulles can only vaguely sense who may control the destinies of Norway or Britain in two years time. Even the German future is opaque. The only forecast one can safely make is in relation to the future of Spain and Portugal; as long as Salazar and Franco live, these countries will adhere to certain principles.

All these troubles do not beset the Soviet Union, now ruled once more by an effective monocracy. The Chinese and Yugoslav alliances may be slightly doubtful, but all the other countries are (short of rebellion) "in the bag." Moscow is an Archimedian Point, the center of a spider's web. From there the autocrat, sitting on solid ground, can spring surprises, watch the changing international scene, intervene or remain aloof, bribe political parties, confuse the public, start cabinet intrigues in other nations, make the most startling declarations, initiate or call off momentous developments while his adversaries are constantly puzzled, worried, uneasy, feverishly readjusting to new tunes, new directions, new situations.

This may not be comforting news to people who want to eat their cake and have it too. Democracy's weak point is the field of foreign policy. Thus the American failure in this particular field has little to do with the silly concept of a "young country." English and French policy is just as helpless. The Free World cannot rely on the ingenuity of the democracies but rather on the hubris of the men in the Kremlin. Since they are but human beings they are bound to commit mistakes. Let us hope and pray that their mistakes will be fatal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern Republican Blues

Why the GOP Languishes in Louisiana

Following is a letter from a New Orleans Republican to one of the Party's national leaders in Washington.

I have been asked to give you a summary of our campaign plans for 1958. We have no campaign plans for 1958. We have no candidates running for any office in 1958. In fact, we have no Republican Party in the State of Louisiana. Your immediate response to the things I've just said will probably be something like: "Well, what in the hell is this guy doing in the Party anyway?" That would be a fair question.

Essentially, these are the things which make our task in Louisiana next to impossible: First, the state on all levels is completely controlled by corrupt Democratic politicians. We have never had two parties in the State of Louisiana. Registered Republicans pay excessive property taxes, as their assessments are higher than those of registered Democrats. Registered Republicans can vote only in Republican primaries and in general elections. We have no Republican primaries in Louisiana. There is no real advantage to be derived from registering Republican in Louisiana because even registered Democrats can vote for Republican candidates in general elections.

Leaders Disheartened

It is impossible to build a party without having registered Republicans. What would you tell a person who asked what the advantage would be in registering Republican? Our people naturally want to have a voice in their local, city, parish and state governments. Registered Republicans have no voice in these various levels of government. The Republican Party has done nothing constructive for the South (tidelands, Little Rock). Mr. Nixon, who appears to be an outspoken integrationist, and the standard-bearer of the Republican Party, is, unfortunately, poison in our state. Those who don't know what they really have against him merely say that Nixon just doesn't appeal to them. Lack of personal appeal is a difficult thing to combat.

Shreveport, formerly our strongest area, is no longer strong. It is almost impossible to raise a dollar in Shreveport, because those who are contributing are contributing to the States Rights Party. Even our Republican leaders in Shreveport are disheartened and are only remaining in the fold because they do not want to desert a sinking ship. Those few of us in New Orleans who are sincerely dedicated to the principles and ideals for which the Republican Party used to stand are also disheartened and have discussed this on many occasions. Recently, two Republican Congressmen (Hillings and Keating) who were in New Orleans told us to get out of the Party if we weren't willing to go along with present Party policies. We told them that Little Rock had had a disastrous effect in Louisiana and in the rest of the South. They said we ought to get out of the Party. If their position is well taken, then we would like to be thus informed by official sources.

An Opportunity Ignored

Without question, the South was the most fertile ground for the Republican Party to cultivate. It is the last section in the United States still essentially devoted to the conservative principles upon which this country was founded. Thus far, no effort has been made to make serious, well constructed inroads into the South. You people in Washington are overlooking the greatest single opportunity available to you. You can go on spending money in Michigan and courting politicians in the East, but your only chance for survival based on principles is in the South. I foresee no serious response in the near future to the things I am saying, but you are overlooking an opportunity which may no longer be available in a few years. In this age of conformity, when even the names of our two great political parties mean nothing, it is very difficult to appeal to people on any level other than what's in it for them in terms of dollars and cents. When a person asks what the Republicans believe in, the immediate response is necessarily, "Which Republicans?"

The people of the South believe that, even though the Democratic Party on the national level declares it is strongly in favor of integration, they will be protected in their own states by so-called States Rights Democrats who are violently opposed to integration. These same people mistrust Republicans, and why shouldn't they? Although it may seem ridiculous and absurd to you, many Southerners still harbor strong hate for the Republicans because of the Civil War and the reconstruction period. You may think that this feeling has subsided, as illustrated by Southern Republican victories in 1952 and 1956. Always remember that the people of the South voted for an appealing old gentleman named Eisenhower. Even the Southern Republicans tried to mention only Eisenhower and not the word Republican during the campaigns. That was smart. The South is suspicious of change, and many Southerners believe that progress is more than a matter of gross national product. Southerners are proud, independent and cautious. They are afraid of modern architecture, space ships and modern Republicans. They are slow to adjust to the new Constitution of the United States. They prefer not to surrender their old culture and traditions. They are strange, predictable people. They are outmoded. They are Southern Democrats. They don't like Republicans. How can we make Republicans out of them? Please let me know.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grammar of Politics

WILLMOORE KENDALL

A science, like a language, is a mode of thought and expression. The man who seeks to master a science must, therefore, first of all learn its grammar, and, by so doing, get himself across the line that divides literates from illiterates, those who are ready to learn from those who cannot learn because they cannot understand that which is said to them. And that man may count himself fortunate if the science he has chosen to master possesses a book of which teachers can say, "Read this, stay with it until you have made its content your very own, and you will have got your start."

With the publication of *Sovereignty,* by Bertrand de Jouvenel (Chicago, $4.50), the science of politics becomes such a science; those of us who have witnessed the development of de Jouvenel's thought over the years have, for that reason, eagerly anticipated its appearance; and the reviewer's problem, as he turns its pages and relives the experience of each of a thousand passages that he has marked, is that of choosing among a thousand different ways of saying, "Forget about the other books on politics in the current lists, and see to it you don't miss this one."

De Jouvenel, like Immanuel Kant, like Plato himself, touches no topic without illuminating it, and, what is more, illuminating it in the way of the great teacher, namely: by simplifying that which illiterates in their illiteracy have overcomplicated, and by pointing up the complexities in that which illiterates have oversimplified. And Kant, by the way, is much in point; for were de Jouvenel a less modest man he would have called the book *Prolegomena to Any Future Work on Politics.*

To de Jouvenel connoisseurs—particularly to those who read Dennis Brogan's shamefully inadequate review in the *Times*—let me say at once that *Sovereignty* is in the vein not of his *Power,* which was the book he used to transport himself into the political universe about which he has written in recent years, but rather (among his works hitherto available in English) in the vein of his *Ethics of Redistribution. Power* is the work of a historian, not a political scientist; in writing it de Jouvenel learned (and taught others) to see, with awful clarity, the enormity of the political adventure upon which modern man has launched himself. "Sovereignty," once lodged in the "people," becomes *ipso facto* limitless and expresses itself *ipso facto* in huge concentrations of coercive "power" that, increasingly, is manipulated by men who, in the very nature of the case, have no standard to which they can refer what they do save that of sheer appetite and desire, itself inherently without limit. And thence arises the infinite capacity of the modern state to destroy the good, the true, and the beautiful.

In the *Ethics of Redistribution* de Jouvenel began to grope for the tools of analysis that might, in due course, enable us to tell ourselves what we have to do in order to make sense of this adventure, and bring it, *per impossible,* to some result distinguishable from death. And in this book he steps forward as a political theorist who *possesses* these tools of analysis, is convinced that they merit the kind of confidence that economists have long since been claiming for theirs, and is ready, therefore, to put them on display.

Like Aristotle, de Jouvenel has dreamt the dream of a political science that will be to the health of the body politic what medical science is to the health of the human body. Like Aristotle, therefore, he finds himself obliged to elaborate a "picture," or "model," of political situations in general—a model that will enable the mind to grasp the anatomy of political situations as in medicine we grasp human anatomy, and transform it into an instrument that we can use in the course of building the therapeutic science that is our ultimate objective. De Jouvenel tries to develop here, in other words, an intellectual construct that can play, in the science of politics, a role equivalent to that of the market in the science of economics.

De Jouvenel sees politics wherever men seek to enlist the cooperation of other men with a view to increasing the resources, whether material or spiritual, at their disposal. He cuts right through, that is to say, the misleading distinction between "state" and "society," reabsorbs "sociology" into political science, and makes of the latter a general inquiry into the question, What fosters human cooperation, and what hinders it? It is, following out the analogy with economics (which asks and answers the question, What fosters, what hinders, the workings of the free market?), a good question, and, in de Jouvenel's hands, a fruitful one. But it is the kind of question that yields its maximum fruitfulness only if you both a) ask it without "taking sides" while answering it, and b) use it, having asked and answered it, merely as a tool for affecting matters on which (prior and subsequent to asking and answering it, and on ethical not scientific grounds) you *have* "taken sides." Only, that is to say, if you use it as a methodological device.

Let me explain that a little further. Aristotle asks with respect to each form of state, What would you have to do to preserve it, and what would you have to do to undermine and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

destroy it? But Aristotle *means* both parts of the question, really *is* "impartial" as between preserving states and undermining them, never yields to the temptation to be more helpful to would-be preservers of states than to would-be destroyers of states. Not so de Jouvenel; he ends up forgetting that men enlist the cooperation of others for evil purposes as well as good ones, that therefore there are forms of human cooperation we *want* to hinder rather than foster. Therefore, human cooperation, *any* old human cooperation, becomes a good which it is the task of political science to forward.

THE POINT cannot be overemphasized, and for the following seemingly paradoxical reason: For those of us who are not ethical relativists, the purpose of political science must be to provide us with the knowledge we need in order to move political situations along in the direction called for by *our* ethics—in order, if you like, for us to be able to act politically with some confidence that we are not defeating our ethical ends.

As Aristotle saw, however, political science can provide us with that kind of knowledge only if it is itself ethically neutral (as, shall we say, toxicology is ethically neutral as between the poisons and the antidotes, the poisoners and the physicians). And de Jouvenel, who is certainly no relativist, commits, in this book, a twofold misdemeanor: he presupposes a "good" for his science, *and*, in doing so, takes as his "good" one (any old human cooperation) which is—as he would see at once if he tested it against his own ethics—a patently false one. Or rather he commits a triple misdemeanor, because in due course he picks up a second good—that darling of the Liberals known as "progress"—that is also patently false. For from an ethical standpoint progress is, I take it, good only if it be in an ethically desirable direction—which is to say that some "progress" is good and some bad. To settle all the major issues of politics by appealing now to the good of cooperation as such, now to the good of progress as such, as de Jouvenel does, is both bad methodology and bad ethics. And that —from de Jouvenel above all the political scientists visible on the horizon—for this reviewer will not do.

To put the same point in another way: *Sovereignty* is a book to be instructed by, not one to be influenced by, because—dare the pupil say it frankly to the master, both in politics and in ethics?—its teachings on the level of political ethics are, quite simply, wrong. De Jouvenel does here to political ethics that which he accuses modern man of having done to politics—that is, cuts them off from their proper orientation to true religion, and launches them upon the treacherous sea of relativism.

He sees—and describes more eloquently than any of his contemporaries—the evil of the modern politics; off at the end, however, he has nothing to say except "Settle for it." He sees, more clearly than any of his contemporaries, that the "open society," the society without an orthodoxy, leads unavoidably first to greater diversity of opinion than any society can carry, and then to persecution; yet his teaching here is, "Let us keep our societies open, lest we fail to progress." He is aware, far beyond any of his contemporaries, that man cannot subsist without the warmth and certainty that attach to the face-to-face community based upon common religious and ethical beliefs; yet he denounces as totalitarian all who would encourage modern man to abandon Babylon (his name for the open society) in favor of Icaria (his name for the community founded on shared belief).

His example, however, is better by far than his precept. He himself lives in a charming Icaria called Anserville.

Science Fiction

The Game of If...

C. ROBERT MORSE

THE CONTRIBUTORS to Anthony Boucher's anthology (*The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction*, 7th Series, Doubleday, $3.75) tend to stray from the spaceship and the weird extra-terrestrial — although these delightful attributes of Science Fiction are by no means absent. Indeed many of these stories take no root in formal science, although there may be vague assumptions of marvelous future inventions.

Perhaps only Arthur C. Clarke's excellent "Venture to the Moon" sounds the note of sober science, the science just around the corner. Other stories, such as Young's flawed but thrilling "Goddess in Granite," must be assigned to the realm of fantasy and symbol. And yet this most modern of writing forms has found a basic relation between "science" and "fantasy," so that however widely various examples may seem to differ, they still belong in a recognizable way to the same lively family, a family which includes Wells, Kafka, Huxley, "Alice"—and Kornbluth (C. M. Kornbluth, happy inventor of the title: "MS Found in a Chinese Fortune Cookie").

The nature of Science Fiction (or SF) is too various and slippery for precise definition. For many of us it is quite enough simply to enjoy it for its spontaneity and gusto. Science Fiction is *fun*—as well as something more serious. Now that the brave old days of the novel seem done forever, and a staleness hangs in the bookish air; now that the field of the detective novel seems to have been reaped and even the gleaners have reached the hedgerow—this spontaneity and gusto are precious qualities indeed. I would blush to be seen reading a contemporary novel, but I do not mind being caught with Science Fiction, in spite of certain mocking comments. The garish covers, with their horrid mélange of monsters, metal and mammary glands, seem to repel those "intellectuals" who are not themselves addicts. But neither advanced nor retarded intellect can be called the hallmark of the addict; it is rather a sense of wonder, a need for the marvelous.

Perhaps the trouble with novels is that there have been so many of them. One feels a deadly familiarity. "Must I go through all that *again*? Must I meet another set of the same characters, and try to *care* about them?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So many pages, so much work for both reader and writer! Gone are the days of Dickens, Tolstoy, and even Wells, when a great novel seemed to be breaking new ground. Where is freshness to be found?

It cannot be said that SF has produced any master comparable to Dickens—but at least the genre is still fresh and full of surprises. It is sad to report, however, that many of the new themes have already become hackneyed through repetition, and only the very best of these writers are able to keep ahead of their imitators. But the best writers, many of whom appear in this collection, are still fresh because they are writing about new things in a new way. There is even the playfulness that goes with newness. And the excitement of pressing forward into the unexplored communicates a freshness to the writing, the sort of freshness which even now can be felt in such pioneers as Stendhal and Willa Cather. For this quality we must forgive many a grisly page of "writing" that is artless to the point of illiteracy. Whether the redeeming freshness can outlast the years is most uncertain. Mr. Boucher's collection contains few instances of ill-groomed prose—but the unselected monthly crop—Lordy!

Let us quickly add that some of the most interesting stories may be the worst written. The woodpeckers' scalps absolve the overheated bombast of "Between the Thunder and the Sun." For SF is primarily a literature of ideas—I would say "abstract" ideas if I were quite sure what the phrase would mean. Each story is based on one clear idea (and sometimes more), often a very serious idea of a social, political, religious, philosophical, or scientific nature. These ideas usually belong to the order of: What if . . .? What if one hundred people were to start out on a two hundred years' voyage in a spaceship . . .? What if the world were run by the great advertising companies . . .? What if there were a tribe of telepaths among us . . .? The answers to such questions give us Science Fiction.

There are strict rules implicit in this Game of If. The questions must be based on known aspects of our world to date. The answers must be logical. The more rigid the logic, the more startling (and often terrifying) the result will be. The novel with all its clumsy paraphernalia of "realism" cannot play this game with any freedom. SF, with a little ballast of science, soars on the wings of fantasy and symbol into the wide spaces of speculation and the unknown future.

SF is of course largely preoccupied with the future. But do not suppose these dreams of things to come are mere giddy fancies. To foretell the future, you must look more closely at the present and the past. Give a man a space helmet and he will tell you the truth. Looking back through his plastic bubble toward Mother Terra he will focus on our present world as through a burning glass. The method of fantasy (so akin to satire) makes possible the sharpest social comment, stated in the most economical way.

But the method of fantasy can also evoke the mystery and intensity of dreams. SF has much of the dream quality—bits of daytime facts rearranged into a night-time strangeness. And these dream happenings suggest, as if half-seen in the penumbra of peripheral vision, ambiguities and many-valued symbols. At times we find ourselves staring quite directly at the old patterns of the subconscious.

In any case it is good for us to stretch our credulities, to inure ourselves to marvels, for marvels are sure to come. One day you may peel back the delicious skin of your lady companion—and find wires beneath.

Music

Mr. Hume and Mr. Dragon

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Mr. Paul Hume of the *Washington Post,* a somewhat provincial music critic, became a national figure by assessing Margaret Truman's singing in honest terms—as a third-rate product with a first-class mailing address. This was *lèse majesté* among commercializing Democrats, but it would have gone unnoticed had not Harry S., full of the *joie de vivre* which cometh not from branch water, written a letter threatening to visit a particular kind of mayhem on Hume. The press had some fun with the episode.

Since then Paul Hume has marked himself down as something of a cross between James Huneker and Bernard Shaw. That estimable and civic-minded organization, the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, has felt the backlash of Hume's reviews—and there are rumors in the capital that when he does not like a performance he asks for equal time.

Recently, the National Symphony invited Mr. Carmen Dragon to officiate at a pops concert. Dragon is conductor of the Hollywood Bowl Symphony and the maestro of a widely-heard weekly music appreciation broadcast sponsored by Standard Oil. He has also won an Oscar for his motion picture scores.

Sound unheard, Hume announced that he was going to blast the concert, with particular anathema directed at its *pièce de résistance,* the premiere of a Carmen Dragon composition entitled *Santa Fe Suite.* Hume had learned that the work included sound effects, woven into the music—something hardly novel. Tschaikovsky and Berlioz had adumbrated their scores with cannon, and in the 1920s George Antheil and his contemporaries had plumbed the musical depths with such assorted noisemakers as steam whistles and riveting machines. Compared to this, the mournful and melodious hoot of a Diesel engine horn, the clatter of train wheels, or the tinkle of a honky-tonk piano were on the whole mild.

Not being by birth an Olympian, I approached Carmen Dragon's composition with interest. I knew that it would lack the fashionable atonalities which make so much mediocre music palatable to the "serious" critics. (The pleasantly derivative Mexican airs of Aaron Copland's *El Salon Mexico* pass muster as important music because they have the necessary jangle.) I wondered what, within

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the limits of general appeal, the new suite might have. Frankly, I was intrigued by the composer-conductor's name. ("When you've heard one Dragon, you've heard them all," I just barely refrained from saying to him.) And I was also riding a hobby horse.

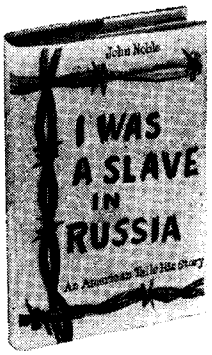
That hobby horse is simply my belief that great American music will grow out of the musical comedy stage and movie sound track—that this is so because the music written for these media has function and an audience, much as the music of the past did. I have found more vitality and inventiveness, more lyricism and genuine emotion, in the product of the Rodgerses, the Loessers and the Arlens, than in the seriously discussed efforts of, let us say, a Samuel Barber. The conformities of modern music, which bore everyone but those with a vested interest in them, are ignored in the music of the workaday composers of stage and screen.

Of Carmen Dragon, I knew only that he was one of a group of American composers, conductors and arrangers who derive from the Electronics Age rather than from the European conservatories or their American counterparts. These men are technicians of music, products of the radio and the movie studios, which impose rigid restrictions of timing, popular taste and program. They are experts in recording balance, in the precise and calculated use of dynamics, in the tonalities of sharp brass and soaring strings which in split seconds must create mood or build tension. They must write to the cue of the director, must use the orchestra slyly as an aural backdrop to the film's action, yet as a voice in itself. They must not be arty—and they try not to be banal. This is a discipline as demanding at that of movie-making itself.

I STOOD in the back of Constitution Hall while Carmen Dragon rehearsed his *Santa Fe Suite*. I watched him lead the National Symphony through the score without the histrionics of his fancier colleagues. I saw the musicians responding to the beat and the pulse of the music—and in the pauses make the sour remarks they felt were necessary to show their allegiance to more "serious" endeavors. In time, I was pressed into service as a moderator between the orchestral and the sound-effects voices. Standing on the podium, controlling the dynamics of the orchestra and guiding the man at the sound panel simultaneously, it was impossible for Dragon to tell whether there was a proper blend of bells and horns, of railroad noises, of the Indian chants which he had put on tape after traveling and retraveling the length of the Sante Fe line. And so, standing away from the stage, I became a consultant in dynamics.

It was not great music, but it was fun to hear and it had its place in the musical scene. Thematically, it was richer than Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*—and infinitely superior to Ferde Grofé's "jazz" *Grand Canyon Suite* which in another day had the music critics reaching up for enthusiastic adjectives. It was something I wanted to hear again, when the electronics, the balance and the blend, could be completely controlled in the studio and channeled to a long-play record. It was the work of a man who could put together music without first staring at his navel, without convincing himself that he was a latter-day Beethoven or a new Stravinsky.

The suite was better than some, not so good as others. But certainly it was closer to the core of the musical process than the new academicians would admit. When I picked up the *Washington Post* the morning after the premiere, Mr. Paul Hume told me that it was a "disgrace," that his seven-year-old son found it "shoddy." And it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I had misjudged Harry S. Truman.



The story of the only American prisoner released by the Russians who has not been suspect

I WAS A SLAVE IN RUSSIA

By John H. Noble

While Stalin's successor Khrushchev smiles, and our "liberals" urge further meetings at "the Summit," some 20 million political prisoners are slowly dying in Siberian prison camps, worked literally to death for the crime of "deviation." Numbered among them are several *thousand* Americans—forgotten men.

The story of these camps—of the men in them and the ordeal they undergo—is told for the first time in a remarkable book by an even more remarkable young Detroiter whose escape after ten years of detention can only be described as miraculous.

"How anyone can support 'Peaceful Co-existence' after reading these pages is difficult even to imagine."

—Rev. Daniel A. Poling, editor, *Christian Herald*

" . . . a valuable corrective for the mind that is over-impressed with Russian scientific achievement."

—Paul H. Hallett in *Denver Catholic Register*

What **John H. Noble** has to say is of vital interest to all Americans.

The Devin-Adair Co., 23 E. 26 St., New York 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me ..... copies of *I Was A Slave in Russia* at $3.75 per copy.

Name .....

Address .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A SOLDIER WITH THE ARABS, by Sir John Bagot Glubb (Harper, $6.00). In retrospect, the British Empire looks better and better. Among other things, it gave the world a century of comparative peace, and the benefits of British power often applied not to Britain alone but to the entire West. And, to list one benefit to the "conquered" peoples, it was not a "steam-roller" empire on the Russian model, applying the maximum of crushing, smothering naked force. As a rule the British attempted to apply only that minimum of force needed to "do the job." The men, like Glubb, who made this possible, were a strange—a dedicated—lot, as unique as they are irreplaceable. Most of his life Glubb lived as an Arab, yet he remained the prototype of the British professional soldier, confident that in faithfully serving foreign kings he continued to serve his own. He built up the finest Arab army in existence, the backbone of the most stable Arab state, and then watched both founder on the Israeli reef and sink into the current Middle-Eastern morass. This book is more than Glubb's personal story. It is a record of the follies of Western "policy" that smashed the personal achievements of the Glubbs and created the impersonal vacuum which remains. He can and does tell us where we went wrong, but he cannot give us a solution. Glubb, like the Empire he served, has been swept clean off the board, and it is up to us to supply new pieces. Perhaps not better ones—that would be a great deal to expect. But, please God, let us supply *something*.

J. P. MCFADDEN

THE DECISION TO INTERVENE, by George F. Kennan (Princeton, $7.50). This is the second volume of Ambassador Kennan's projected study of "Soviet-American Relations, 1917-20." Reading it makes one wish that Mr. Kennan would keep his nose, as here, close to the grindstone of the past, instead of sticking it so ineptly—as during the Reith Lectures this past winter—into the gears of the present. If *The Decision to Intervene* has certain of the defects of a somewhat official sort of diplomatic history, it has also most of the virtues. The narrative of these tangled events, told with a richly seasoned use of letters, documents and diaries, is wonderfully interesting. It is extraordinary to find here in prelude the leitmotifs for almost all the types of American response to Soviet power that have kept the stage during these four subsequent decades. There is even, in Colonel Raymond Robins, the prototype of the eternal high-minded fellow-traveler. And it is discouraging to observe that in not a single recorded response was there that combination of understanding and resolution that alone could have hoped, or could hope, to meet that power's challenge.

J. BURNHAM

THE SIBYL, by Pär Lagerkvist (Random House, $3.00). The moral of this short, sober parable by Sweden's foremost living writer is that no matter what a man does, his destiny is "bound up with God." As an individual, he can deny, assent, fight, fear, run in any direction. But when his life is finished, its basic relationship will be with "God," who is "both evil and good, both light and darkness, both meaningless and full of a meaning which we can never perceive . . . A riddle . . . . to trouble us always." This wide, bland, oversimplified view of the human mystery is expressed by an ex-Delphic sibyl as she recounts her own desolated life to the Wandering Jew, some time about 35 A. D. There are vivid moments of storytelling (one, especially, of lovers in a cornfield, seen only by eagles), but the effect of the whole is curiously tame, and perhaps as much as anything explains what the blurb deplores as its author's "tardy recognition as a literary figure of world import." Though seeming inclusive, Lagerkvist actually leaves out so much of life's intricacy—the heart of Christianity, for instance—that his appeal south of Scandinavia can hardly ever be based on more than curiosity.

R. PHELPS

PARK ROW, by Allen Churchill (Rinehart, $4.95). Masterfully chronicling the eccentricities, the ambitions, the working and drinking habits of the newspapermen who once made New York's Park Row the romantic center of American journalism, Mr. Churchill focuses on the bitter feud fought between Joseph Pulitzer's *World* and William Randolph Hearst's *Journal*—a feud which introduced the phrase "yellow journalism" to the language. In 1895 Hearst journeyed to New York from San Francisco with seven million inherited dollars and the determination that through the "brutal use of money" (to quote Ambrose Bierce) he would succeed Pulitzer as Czar of Park Row. Within three years the Spanish-American War figured as but a facet of their struggle. "I rather like the idea of war," Pulitzer remarked, "one that will arouse interest and give me a chance to gauge the reflex in circulation figures." So shamelessly did the *Journal* (and the *World*) connive to inflame public opinion against Spain, that when the Captain of the *Maine* claimed that Hearst had known of the plot to destroy his ship and had failed to warn its crew, New Yorkers were not shocked. Mr. Churchill's book shows that while contemporary journalism lacks the enterprise and flavor of the Park Row era, its ethics are no lower.

M. L. BUCKLEY

To order any book reviewed in this issue, write:

THE BOOKMAILER
Box 101, Murray Hill Station
New York 16, N.Y.

Return mail service—postpaid
PAY ONLY BOOKSTORE PRICE

$.....payment enclosed
Please send me: ..... (name of book)
.....
.....
Name .....
Address .....
.....
(No C.O.D. orders accepted; payment MUST accompany order. N.Y. City residents add 3% tax.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editor

Understanding the South

Mr. Anthony Harrigan's article, "The South *Is* Different" [March 8] is one of the finest contributions to a better understanding between the North and South that I have ever had the pleasure to read and his authentic portrayal of a misunderstood South and her people was indeed welcome and unique for a nationally distributed magazine. . . .

I am a South Carolinian stationed in New England and have been here for the last ten months. In this time I have come to the realization that despite the propaganda describing the South as a "chapter from a novel by Erskine Caldwell" (as Mr. Harrigan so aptly put it), the Northern people are eager to try to grasp a clear and more concise insight on a problem that they cannot fully understand because they have never seen the South with its people and social problems. . . .

The South is in a process of some deep soul-searching with a realization that some social changes will have to be made, but these changes must be made in a period of time and in a manner determined by Southerners and persons who understand the entire problem. If all sides of this complex and delicate problem are presented to all the people by such writers as Mr. Harrigan, then I have no doubt that the proper course of action will be taken.

FRANCIS M. PINCKNEY JR.

New York City

Like most segregationist obscurantism "The South *Is* Different" [March 8] fails to mention the imbecile philosophy which inspires Southern defiance of the Constitution. Southern prejudice is grounded on two beliefs: 1) the myth of inherent white intellectual superiority, and 2) fear of widespread intermarriage. Even the literate white seldom sees, and much less cares, that these beliefs are contradictory. If Negroes are truly inferior specimens of humanity, then there is no need to fear intermarriage since it would require superior cleverness on their part to lure whites into marriage. If this fear is rational, then the myth of inherent white superiority must be rejected.

Note that these pathetic myths and fears are fundamental convictions which inspire what Mr. Harrigan euphemistically refers to as the Southern "conception of the good life" with its "tradition of independence and humane living, personalness and non-conformism."

Erlton, N. J. C. W. GRIFFIN

The Recession and Sense

Heptisax recommends sense ["To the Editor," April 12].

We are witnessing the familiar conflict between the natural operation of economic forces, and the artificial antidotes of politicians and demagogues. . . . Recovery of confidence on the part of the consuming public should come through price reductions, absorption of surplus inventories, and return to a higher value of the currency.

Prescriptions of the politicians all attempt to circumvent natural processes. They all merely postpone evil days. They all promise further submersion into the quicksands of inflation. They glorify the same methods which have led us into the swamp in the first place. . . .

Bridgeport, Conn. JAMES E. WESTBROOK

The drive behind foreign aid, now miscalled mutual security, is the foreign market for U.S. big business and the 600,000 jobs of foreign aid officials. . . .

We have a tremendous and growing economy. New materials, new processes, new needs and uses come out constantly for more and more people. It is absurd to pretend that our "safety" requires us to subsidize big business in this manner, or that 600,000 honest jobs cannot be provided at home for the foreign aid brigade. Let the government reduce the confiscatory taxes on corporations, and let the corporations use their surplus for plant expansion and the creation of more and better jobs. We don't need "bold new imagination" in Washington, merely a little common honesty and common sense.

North Miami, Fla. HENRY I. BAKER

CLASSIFIED

NATIONAL REVIEW *accepts classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature.* NATIONAL REVIEW *reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words; 30¢ per word for 25 or more insertions per year. If a box number is desired, count two extra words. Text, accompanied by full payment in the form of cash, check or money order, must be received 17 days before publication date. All responses to box numbers will be forwarded and postage billed periodically. Mail to be called for at* NATIONAL REVIEW *will be held 60 days only. Address: Classified Dept.,* NATIONAL REVIEW, *211 East 37th Street, New York 16, N.Y.*

MAKE VACATION PLANS NOW! Worldwide service to suit individual requirements. Margaret Cone Travel Service, 520 5th Ave., N.Y. 36, OX 7-0796.

"THE RED COURT" by Rena Vale, 148 pages, $1. Andrew McAllister, 2474 Lakeview, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONABLE COLLEGE JUNIOR, male, experienced in politics, newspaper work, radio, desires interesting summer employment, preferably travel. Box 70.

FORMER LETTER WRITER, who has recently taken up banking and finance, wishes employment abroad, preferably far abroad. Write Box 44, Kremlin, and if that fails, try 22 Lubianka St., Moscow.

OUR JAPANIZED EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM by Isabel Paterson, 50¢ each. Write Selma Fuller, Easton, Conn.

ARTIST WANTED (apprentice) to work in Promotion Dept. of large New York newspaper. Wonderful opportunity for young man or woman of creative ability who can do better than average promotion. Must be able to handle direct mail as well as advertising. Strong on ideas and B and W spots. Advancement, security, pleasant working conditions. Box 100.

UNIQUE 12" LP RECORD, "Bert and I." Maine anecdotes as told by two Down Easters. Price $4.98. Write "Bert and I," 6 Hilliard St., Cambridge, Mass.

SPEAKERS FOR the May 26 Crusade for America forum will be Wm. F. Buckley Jr., and L. Brent Bozell. To receive full information, write Crusade for America, 51 Front St., Rockville Center, L.I., N.Y.

FREEDOM SCHOOL now accepting applications for enrollment in 1958 summer courses. Instructors include: Frank Chodorov, James Doenges, E. W. Dykes, Percy Greaves Jr., F. A. Harper, R. C. Hoiles, Louis Milione Jr., Robert LeFevre, Leonard Read, James Rogers, Fred Clark, Rose Wilder Lane, William Paton. Write Box 165, Colorado Springs, Colo., for free descriptive folder.

THE END OF McCARTHY. Reprints of National Review feature articles on the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, available 25c each, 100 for $15. Dept. R, National Review, 211 East 37 St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What can your dollar do about Multiple Sclerosis?

1. It will help support research seeking to isolate the cause of this mysterious crippling disease. Over 50 separate research projects investigating the nature of Multiple Sclerosis are now under way.

2. It will help provide care for the people who have already been struck down by Multiple Sclerosis. There are 38 clinics in the United States which are either supported by the Multiple Sclerosis Society or are particularly interested in the disease.

3. It will contribute to the Fellowship and Scholarship Program of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. This program encourages basic research among young scientists in areas related to the disease.

4. It will help inform the American public about this grim disease. Multiple Sclerosis afflicts 500,000 Americans and yet its symptoms are relatively unknown to the average person.

5. It *may* contribute to a major breakthrough in the battle to find the cure for Multiple Sclerosis. The first such breakthrough occurred in 1957 when a young researcher at the Washington University School of Medicine discovered that the site of disabling Multiple Sclerosis is a structure called the glial cell.

This vastly important work could not have been done without the contributions of people like you to the National Multiple Sclerosis Society.

National Multiple Sclerosis Society
257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find my contribution to the battle against Multiple Sclerosis.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED